IDYLS AND P

BY

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A HOME GALLERY OF P

ILLUSTRATE

FROM PICTURES BY AMER

BOSTO
D. LOTHROP AND
FRANKLIN AND HAWL

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IDYLS AND PAS

THE FAVORITE FI

O THE warm, sweet, mellow summ

The golden calm and the perfun

The chirp of birds and the locust's

The rich flowers blossoming still

The old house lies 'mid the swarn

Steeped in sunshine from porch to

With doors and windows thrown c

To welcome the beauty and bloom

Through the gateway and down tl

Madge and grandmother, hand i

Come with laughter and happy tal

And here by the marigolds stop

"What a dear old pleasant place it is!"
Cries the little maid in a trance of bliss,
"Never anywhere could be found
So sweet a garden the whole world round!

"Tell me, grandmother, which do you think
Is the dearest flower for you that grows!
The phlox or the marigold stars that wink,
Or the larkspur quaint or the red, red rose?
Which do you love best, grandmother dear?"
And the old dame smiles in the blue eyes clear—
"Of all the flowers I ever possessed
I think my pinks I love you best."

COMRADES.

WHO that is merciful and wise
  Knows not how dumb compa
Look up to man with loving e
  Safe held in friendship's sacr
The hound salutes the kindly l
  That has taught him to love
The falcon still on his perch v
  Listening for voices he loves
And the spaniels watch the lov
Half pleased, half scared at the
Mute friends! They are grateful
In human comfort or human ca

You have had many a beautiful hour,
O comrades faithful and tried and true!
O fair child, ripening to youth's rich flower,
What pleasant fortune has fallen to you!
And grandfather, holding your treasure fast,
More blessed are you than all the rest.
For he brings you afresh the joys of the past,
As the after glow kindles the fading west.
The happy circle gathers close
In an atmosphere of sweet repose,
Unvexed by word or look austere,
For love is the only ruler here.

ON THE BEACH.

THE slow, cool, emerald breaker cur
Along the sparkling edge of level
Shatters its crystal arch, and far and
In broken splendor spills upon the
With rush and whisper siren-sweet a
Gently salutes the children of the
And catching every sunbeam from a
Flashes it back in summer mood
And with a flood of strong refreshm
Health and delight along the soundi

Amid its frolic foam and scattered s
Tossed lightly, like some dreaming

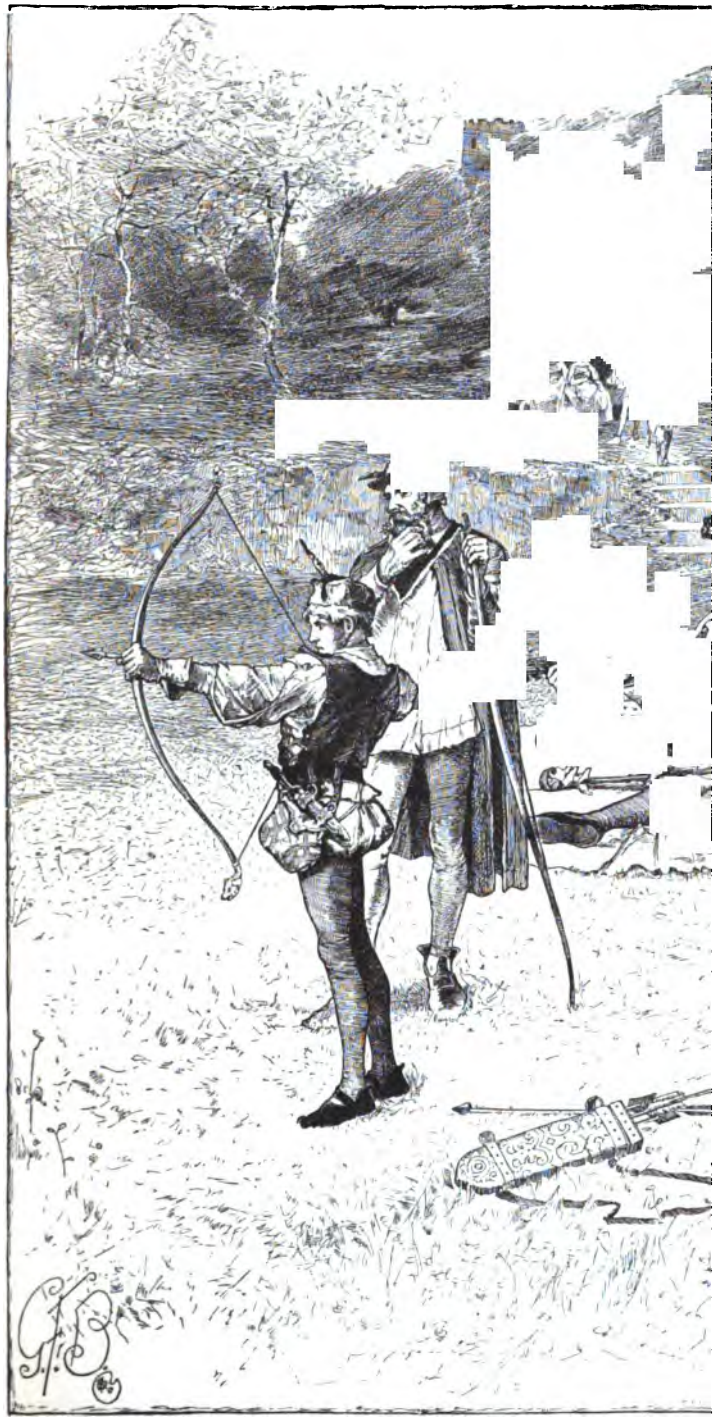
The tired dwellers of the city play,
  Forgetful for awhile of care and pain,
While peace broods over all, nor does it seem
  As if the sleeping lion could awake;
And yet, when passed is this sweet summer dream,
  What roar of thunder on the coast will break
When winter's tempests rage in sullen wrath —
Death and disaster in their cruel path —
And hurl against the sandy margin gray
Devouring fury, tumult and dismay!

THE TRAINING OF A PR

O STRONG young son of a king!
  What is it thou shalt not know
Not only to draw the twanging str
  From the perfect curve of the bc
And straight thine arrow send
  To the distant target's heart,
But all good gifts their power wou
  Here, the musician's art,
There, hound and horn and hunter
  The joys of the chase would teac
The courtier's graces manifold, —
  The poet's golden speech, —

All wisdom and knowledge and beauty wait
To make thee noble and crown thy state.

Wilt thou be first in the fight
  Among the warriors great?
And will thy hand in the lute delight
  Wooing a lovely mate?
Wilt thou rule wisely many a year
  With a firm grasp on the helm,
And the ship of the nation safely steer
  Though storms would overwhelm?
Be thou thy people's pride and joy,
  Wide may thy praises ring,
And growing from the princely boy
  To the stature of a king,
Thine arrows of lofty purpose send
Ever straight to the mark, for foe or friend!



LOST.

Low burns the sunset and the dark

O where is home! O where my m

The long night is before me, full of

Of the familiar path there is no tr

The evening wind blows damp upon

The stars begin to twinkle high an

In vain for sign of hope or help I s

For all is strange and lone and sa

No human sound comes to my anxio

No cattle low, no dog barks far aw

Only the ripple of the frogs I hear,

And the thrush singing to the dyir

Under my feet the sweet fern sprays I crush
  With tangled vines and dead leaves brown and sere,
Faint spicy odors rise — a dewy hush
  Steals o'er the dusky landscape far and near.

Will never more the lights of home appear?
  The blessed lights of home! Where shall I turn,
East, west, north, south, to find a ray of cheer?
  Where, in the darkness, do those tapers burn?
Weary, despairing, sorrowful I stray.
  How must your heart be aching, mother dear!
O friends who surely seek me, come this way!
  O that my cry might reach you! I am *here!*

THE MINUTE M

HEROES on History's height!
  Who leaped at the first ala
To meet their death or to w
  From forge and workshop a
Seizing the ready gun,
  With hearts on fire, to sta
For wife and child against th
  For home and their own de
Resolute, every one,
  To strike the mighty blow

Firm as the solid rock
  On Concord's soft green sw

Their feet are planted to meet the shock,
  Love, honor and peace to guard,
To strike for Liberty!
  For the signal shot they wait,
Dauntless and stern and still,
  To wrench from the hand of fate
With the strength of an iron will,
  Freedom and Victory!

WILD DUCKS.

I LIFT my voice to the bree:
A harsh and broken call,
To mix with the roar of the
And the rush of the wate
With noises stormy and rud
I love to mingle my cry,
In the heart of the solitude
Where nothing human is

When the tempest lashes th
And over the marshland s
Then gathers my callow bro
'Neath my mate's protectir

But I, from the edge of the crag,
  Launch out on the sweeping gale,
With pinions that never flag,
  And a courage that does not quail

I ride on the heaving brine
  That breaks into seething foam,
For the earth and the air are mine,
  And the water my buoyant home.
A joyful life I lead,
  And I envy no one's lot,
But for one boon I plead —
  O mortal, molest me not!


Volkmar

A SUNNY NOOI

'MID bayberry, fern, sweet brie
With many a nodding weed,
And the golden-rod's plume of
I have made a nest indeed!
Against the earth's warm brea
All fragrant with yielding m
And spicy twigs, I rest,
While the leaves in the ligh
And I feel a part of the gooc
In her summer mood of joy a

O who would covet a throne
When a nook could be found

Any peasant might call his own,
  With its boon of innocent bliss?
With the bird and the bee to share
  Such largess of sunshine sweet,
Afar from the loud world's care,
  And its turmoil of hurrying feet!
I envy no king in the world, not I,
As here on the earth's warm breast I lie!

ON QUIET W.

O LIGHTLY moored the

And look up to the go

Softly they breathe int

Their holy fragrance e

Delicate, dewy-fresh an

It steals our charmèd s

In each pure chalice, d

Sits throned a spirit of

Our grateful souls with

A pleasure sacred, deep

O lightly moored the li

Afloat beneath the glov

From shadow cool to sunshine clear
Safe past the changing shores we steer,
And watch the swallow dip his wing,
And hear the hidden thrushes sing
Each to his mate within the wood,
Safe in their happy solitude.
O perfect morn! O peaceful time!
O life that blossoms at its prime!
We dream in Eden, thou and I,
Afloat beneath the golden sky.


Hayden

FEEDING THE

Coo, coo, my pretty doves, fly ligh
  See, snowy rice and golden grai
Come wheeling through the wide
  Come from the gray old tower a
Swell your soft breasts and curve
  With rainbows spanned, and rul
So dainty fine and clean, without
  Lustrous as changing silk from
Suzette is calling, — there is naug
  Coo, coo, my pretty doves, fly li

Sure as the constant morning com
  To bring you food, you know sh

Crossing the tender grass all dewy-wet :

Her welcome voice you hear, and down you sail,

Her pets, her pleasures, planting rosy feet

Upon the green and gazing brilliant-eyed,

Askance up to her face with crooning sweet,

Lifting your shining heads in love and pride

For all obey her well-known summons dear,

" Coo, coo, my pretty doves, fly lightly here! "


Henry Bacon.

THE DREAM PEDL

Lo, I come from dreamland dim,
Down the drowsy air I swim,
Ringing soft a pleasant tune,
Through the sharp horns of the r
All that fancy fine can paint
Of fair or sweet or wild or quaint
Through your brain I'll set adrift
When my slender wand I lift.

Hark, what fairy breezes blow!
Tinkles ice and flutters snow,
Mingled with the summer dreams
Of lilies white on placid streams;

You shall woo a mermaid fair,
You shall fright the imp of care,
'Twixt a dove's wings you shall ride,
Down a cloud-bank you shall slide!

You shall fill a wind-rocked nest,
In a witch's palace rest,
You shall gather flowers afield,
You shall wear a turtle's shield,
By a butterfly be snared,
By a tiny kobold scared;
You shall soar in a balloon,
You shall dance in magic shoon;

Which will suit you? Pause and choose
Ere my visions I unloose.

UNDER THE ELECTR

How cold and still! The kee
  Sparkles with snow-dust cry
To right, to left, and everywh
  The great lamps of the cit
Against the distant darkness
  The huge electric torches b
Colorless suns of light intens
  That send on every side th
White, blinding orbs that daz
O'er the cold snow with cold

In years gone by, when lighti
  Piercing the sky with zigza
And at its heels the thunder
  Pealing through heaven, an

Men little thought this mighty king
  Among the elements could be
Their friend! Nay, a more humble thing,
  Their slave, to serve them faithfully,
Fetch news and carry, go and come,
And meekly light their children home!

I wonder, in this latter time,
  If any ponder on the man
Whose mind, persistent and sublime,
  So far before his century ran.
His genius high the sages mocked,
  They jeered at him who calmly cast
His pearls before them and unlocked
  The treasures of a knowledge vast.
But still he scaled heaven's dizzy height,
To bring us the electric light!

COWEE